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17. — *Analytical Class-Book of Botany, designed for Academies and Private Students.* In Two Parts. Part I. *Elements of Vegetable Structure and Physiology.* By FRANCES H. GREEN. Part II. *Systematic Botany: illustrated by a Compendious Flora of the United States.* By JOSEPH W. CONGDON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 228. Plates 29.

OF this book also we can speak in terms of unqualified commendation, not only as a text-book for school use, but as a manual for field study. The Flora is indeed "compendious," but copious. We have failed to find in it no plant for which we have looked (except that, in our copy, the binder omitted an important signature), and the descriptions are sufficiently minute to enable the explorer to identify the objects of his search without danger of mistake. The work, in fact, embodies in a condensed form, yet without obscurity, materials of botanical knowledge, for which (so far as they were then in existence) a student might twenty years ago have been compelled to ransack a score of volumes.

18. — *Literary Fables of YRIARTE.* Translated from the Spanish. By GEORGE H. DEVEREUX. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 145.

THESE Fables are original (i. e. not borrowed or modified from Æsop); they have generally a very keen point; they relate wholly to the foibles and faults of literary men; and, though written in Spain, and in the last century, they are precisely as well adapted to the present condition of the literary world in America, as if Mr. Devereux had been their author, not their translator. And he has done his work well. He has preserved the aroma of the Spaniard's wit, and the raciness of his satire; he has copied and imitated those difficult Spanish metres which are a very pillory for English verse; and this without transcending the canons of taste and euphony applicable to his own language.

19. — *The Life of Horace Greeley, the Editor of the New York Tribune.* By T. PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 482.

THE history of an American boy, who, with only the advantages the humblest institutions of New England give, works his way, without anybody's patronage, to a position where his influence directly affects

more individuals than does that of any other American, must, if well written, have in it a great deal that is very curious and very valuable. This book is singularly well written; and its mingling of private incidents with public history is so managed, that its popularity will not be transient.

The early part of Mr. Greeley's life is wrought up from a great number of authorities, and presents the best picture we remember of the life of a New England youth. It is not slurred over with a few sentimental allusions to "the old oaken bucket," or "the home of his childhood," but, in a matter-of-fact way, goes resolutely into the details which have so much to do with making the man of after years. This is the most difficult and the most entertaining part of the book, and renders it almost a classic for boys, and for men too. The boy, wild for books, and accurate in facts and figures, showed even then the Horace Greeley that was to be. Yet in some things how impossible was it to judge of his future! Eager to attend the spelling school, he never missed at it,—and "that was a lucky side in a spelling match which secured the powerful aid of Horace Greeley." So small, that he would drop asleep as the long evening spelling trials went on; still, when waked by "a nudge," he would spell his word with precision. How horror-struck would the sleeping boy have been, if, in one of those stolen naps, he had even dreamed that, by any mishap, future times should so circumvent him, that he could be possibly tempted to write of "a traveler leaving his plow, in a season of drouth,—traveling from the center of New Hampshire, and watching the hight of the reveling at a theater"!

The boy becomes a printer's apprentice,—passes through that glorious manual-labor college, to which, from Franklin down, this country has owed so many of its best men. And thus, in his connection with the press, the book follows him on, till it becomes a history of that remarkable journal, which wields an influence no quarterly ever dreamed of,—the New York Tribune.

This is no place for criticism on the newspaper press of America. So we say nothing of the Tribune, though we should not be sorry to discuss it and the other leading American journals. This is no place for such criticisms, because, to be of any use, they must be thoroughly followed up, month after month, and year after year. A part of the newspaper press of this country and of England sells its editorial columns to any Barnum who will pay high enough for them. A part does not. The public will never make out the difference between these two classes of journals, till it has some gallant guide, careless of them all, to lead the way. There are journals, again, which publish what-

ever is new, reckless as to its truth. There are others which do not. Just now, the public prefers to read *all* the news, true and false together. It will prefer so to do, till some gallant guide, careless of the daily press, criticizes it truly, and leads the public out of that fatally immoral blunder.

This must be done, if it is ever done, by some express "critic of the newspapers." Some editor must establish a Review, which shall make this its only province. Unpopular as Croker, fearless as Jeffrey, he must, month by month, expose the tergiversations of the daily press, wherever he finds them. He must trace a mermaid through the country, and point out the character of the editorial opinion (!) of the different journals which "notice" her. He must dissect the "notices of books," and make a monthly catalogue of those which "ought to be in every family in the land." (An edition of four million copies is thus suggested every day, by the "book-noticers.") It would be his business to see who starts falsehoods, and who corrects them. He would point out who puffed themselves, and who were puffed by others. In a very short time he would find that he had gallant backers in the newspaper press,—and such enemies! But if he went on, with iron nerve, and unflinching courage, this Hercules—though he could never get an office—would die (young) with the certainty that he had done the greatest work for truth and right given to any one man in America to do.

Recommending the Life of Mr. Greeley to general attention, we have to speak in particular commendation of the admirable style in which the author has collected his materials, and wrought them up. The book did not reveal to us the power of Horace Greeley. We knew that before. But we did not know the power, in research, in mastery of the English language, and in strong good sense, of Mr. T. Parton, who is its author. It revealed that to us. For, let us own it, we did not know there was any such man.

We have now to say that here is an author new to title-pages, though not new, as it seems, to newspaper-work, whom we shall hear of with pleasure always, and who, by this step, takes a foremost place among our writers. The book is not an ephemeral book,—like the lives of many men more or less distinguished. It is not like a campaign life of Clay, of Taylor, of Jackson; it is a piece of standard English literature. It is an amusing book. It is a brave book. It is, so far as its author can make it, a true book. Thanks for all of this to Mr. T. Parton. And we give these thanks all the more earnestly, because there are in this world so few men who can praise without puffing,—can work hard at a subject, and not show the soil of labor upon their hands,—can make a thorough book entertaining,—can tell the truth, fearing no man,—and, with all this, can write good English too.

It seems that we hear from Mr. Parton every week. We trust he has some other *pièce de resistance*, however, which will present him to the world as a *book-author* once more.

NOTE TO ARTICLE VI. OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:—

Dear Sir,—The honor of originating the plan for organizing emigration to the West, with the view of saving Kansas and the new Western States from the worst of evils, is one which will yet be regarded as among the most distinguished honors of this time. As your pages will be resorted to as history, I am anxious to put on record there the title of Mr. Eli Thayer to all this honor. He conceived the scheme, he arranged the working details of it, and by his comprehensive and ingenious combinations so adjusted it, in the beginning, that to practical men it has always seemed an eminently practical affair.

This statement is due from me, because, in your kind notice of my book on Kansas, there is an expression from which a careless reader might suppose that Mr. Thayer was working out suggestions of mine. Every one who knows the facts would ridicule this idea. I published in 1845 a pamphlet on Emigration to Texas, which no one read, and I could not induce any one to consider the idea. It contained no plan of operation. Although I never abandoned the fundamental idea of that pamphlet, I made no suggestion for carrying it out last year, nor had I any plan to propose. Mr. Thayer had never seen nor heard of my pamphlet, when he originated what I have no claim to,—the comprehensive scheme, only now beginning to be realized, for organizing Western Emigration.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

WORCESTER, February 3, 1855.

NOTE TO ARTICLE IX. OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.

THE name of the artist who accompanied Bishop Berkeley to Rhode Island is *Smibert*, and was so written by the author of the article. The editor changed it into *Smilert*, on the authority of what he supposes to be the latest, and knows to be a carefully edited, edition of Berkeley's Works (London, Charles Daly, 1837); but before the number was issued, it was ascertained that the London editor himself was at fault.